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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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MAN'S LOVE IS SOMETIMES FICKLE.

Man's love is sometimes fickle;
But oftener I fear,
'Tis deeper than a woman's love,
More earnest and sincere;
For has not woman's vanity,
And trifling with fate,
To ruin and sin sent many a heart
That once was good and great!

I know a pretty rosebud mouth,
And eyes of violet blue,
May for the moment turn his head;
But deem him not untrue.
If he weary of the rosebud mouth,
And sunny, golden hair:
'Tis the passing homage beauty claims—
He does not worship there.

He wants a gentle spirit, too;
Mere beauty does not win
The constant love of his noble heart;
There must be grace within.
And oh, a woman surely knows
She is gifted with the power
To make his life a weary load,
Or brighter every hour.

And what would be our only lot
Without his tender care;
His strong right arm to work for us,
And all our sorrows share?
If woman guards her sacred trust—
To strengthen and to save,
She finds his heart as leal and true
As generous and brave.

And however bad a man may be,
Each one of us can prove
He is never wholly, fully lost
To the influence of love.
And those who love may mould him
For better or for worse;
Man is as woman makes him—
A blessing or a curse.

The Legend of Sorrento Castle.

A deep bay window in the west room of the Castle del Sorrento held two figures that appeared clear and distinct in the bright rays of an October moon. One of the figures was a youthful cavalier, with a profusion of dark curls shading an olive brow and cheek. The other was a fair haired girl, whose white arms and hands looked still whiter in the moonlight, and whose soft low tones contrasted strangely with the passionate voice of the youth.

'It is in vain, Julio,' she said, softly. 'My grandfather has threatened me with imprisonment if I do not receive Count Luani as my husband. I am constantly watched by that horrid Montani, whom my grandfather employs, simply because I dislike him so much; and whom I have now eluded only because he now believes me fast asleep in my chamber.'

'And there is no hope, Armida?'

'None, Julio. We must now say farewell. Think of me sometimes in the lonely cell to which I am doomed; for, believe me, I will not marry the Count.'

But the cell shall not be your portion, dearest! Trust me, I will find some way to enable you to avoid it.'

'Ah, Julio, you know not the resolute character of my grandfather. Once determined upon a matter, he will move heaven and earth to accomplish his wishes. He showed this feeling to my poor mother, whom he married to a man older than himself; and I feel certain that already the chain is tightening around me.'

Armida looked up mournfully into Julio's eyes with such an expression of keen, unmitigated anguish, that his heart was more deeply touched by her sorrow than his own. It was a hard fate indeed, that so lovely a girl as Armida should have no alternative but that of a prison, or of marrying an old and disagreeable man; for Count Luani was of a stern, unyielding and dictatorial disposition; and Armida knew how unceasing would be his watch upon her words and looks. Better with a hut in the Alpine solitudes with Julio, than the splendid palace of Luani with its morose and selfish master.

Armida's grandfather, the Count Carifi, had become very poor from some cause unknown to the public, or even to his own family. It was whispered that his confidential servant, Montani, held a rod above his head for some deed committed long ago; and that the drain upon the old man's estates found its way into the pockets of Montani. It was well known that the latter kept a sharp oversight upon Armida, and that he was eager that she should marry the rich old Count, who claimed her hand upon the strength of her grandfathers promise.

Years ago, the Count Carifi, in a moment of uncontrollable rage and jealousy, killed one who had been his bosom friend, but who had crossed him in an affair very near to his heart. Montani was the only witness to the deed, which was perpetrated in the forest belonging to the Donati castle, where Montani was keeper. The Count succeeded, by dint of promises, in wiling him away from Donati, and securing him in his own service; but he had in turn to become Montani's slave. Knowing that he could at any time bring him to ignomy, he was forced to submit to the most galling and humiliating restraints from his own servant. Montani knew his advantage, and pursued it without mercy. The scheme of marrying the young Armida to Count Luani originated with him. Carifi's purse was running low, and the estate was already heavily saddled with debt. Montani's hope of obtaining money in the future was at a low ebb; when suddenly the Count appeared to raise his drooping spirits by falling in love with the grandchild of his friend.

Already had Armida's heart been touched by the mute devotion displayed in the countenance of Julio Adimari. Both young in years, and timid from the strict seclusion in which they lived, they exchanged no word of love until the terrible announcement of her grandfather's wishes sent Armida, pale and tearful, to consult her only friend how best to avoid the coming evil. The interview disclosed to them the state of their own hearts, and for a while they lost sight of their unhappiness; but at this meeting Armida's apprehensions could not be concealed, Count Carifi having that morning threatened to confine her until she was willing to submit to his decision. Montani had desired him to do this; and the poor old Count haunted by his crime, and hunted down by his implacable enemy, had consented to employ any means that Montani's service might suggest to bring Armida to terms.

It was evening when Montani himself led Armida to the tower which he had graciously substituted for the lower cell which he had threatened to place her in. Her grandfather could not endure to go with her himself; his heart was not yet dead to emotions of tenderness, and he could not inflict upon his child the punishment which he had consented should be the penalty of her disobedience. The thought of her mother, whose young life had been sacrificed to the same insatiable averice, arose to his mind, and he left the Castle to avoid hearing the cries which he imagined she would raise on her way to the prison.

He had mistaken her spirit. To all Mentani's taunts she preserved a dignified silence; and, on reaching the room, she pushed away the arm that would have guided her in, and entered with the step of a princess. Two or three hours had added years to Armida's experience. She was no longer a child, but a woman whom suffering had made stronger and more mature. She looked around the rooms, to which a small lamp gave a feeble light. A table on which it stood held a pitcher of water and a basket of cakes. The Count had pleaded with Montani for a little fruit, but he had failed to provide it. He had no idea of making her abode more comfortable than could be helped; and his low mind conceived that Armida could be touched by things of mere personal gratification.

A small couch was the only bed provided for her; and this was hard enough to suit the strictest anchorite. There was a brazier, in which coals were smouldering; but the warmth was doubtful. Armida looked out of the window. The light of the moon showed her a lake beneath the tower. There was no way of escape, and she would probably see no one for months but the hateful Montani. Of one thing was she certain: Julio would be watchihg the Castle, and she could at least place her light where he could see her figure, as she moved about the room. The tower was at the extreme western end of the Castle, and the Count inhabited the eastern part. Even in the day time she could be seen; for the tower was so high that no precaution had been taken to have the windows grated; and it was so small, that had there been any bars there would not have been sufficient light without burning a lamp all day.

Stern as was the Count Carafi, the thought of his grandchild shut up in that place worried and oppressed him. Contrary to Montani's advice, he visited her, and tried to persuade her to do as he wished with regard to the Count Luani.

Had Armida been at first disposed to listen, there was an object at that moment meeting her view that would then have effectually prevented her listening. A boat was on the lake, and her heart told her he who guided its oars was Julio himself. Trembling lest her grandfather should recognize him, or Montani's ceaseless vigilance detect his disguise, she forbore making the signal which she doubted not he was expecting from her; and when, after rowing several times across the lake, he disappeared behind a cliff, she was rather gratified than disappointed, so great were her fears. It was something to have only this mute token of his love; and she knew he would be there as often as prudence would warrant him in coming.

Fortunately she had a pencil and a piece of white cloth. She wrote a few brief words on it, wrapped it round a piece of light wood that would be likely to float, and dropped it into the lake. Julio looked up and caught it as it fell, for the boat was just then beneath the window. The next day he came again—but this time the pencil was broken; though a telegraphic communication was opened, through the hands, that inspired confidence and hope.

When Montani made his customary morning visit, Armida was sitting always in the same spot, her head leaning upon her hand, and her face turned away from the window. She asked him for a pen and ink; and he, hoping that she was about to write her willingness to accede to his plans, unwittingly consented to furnish her with writing materials. immediately after he was gone she commenced writing these words: 'Come by moonlight. I will be prepared to descend to you.' Throwing the billet into the lake, and waiting to be assured that Julio had read it, she fell on her knees and uttered a fervent prayer of freedom.

The door suddenly opened, and Montani looked in upon her. She started in dismay, feeling for a moment that even Julio was not safe against this man's vengeful wrath. But this time his cunning was at fault, although he had heard the prayer she had uttered. Fortunately he did not go to the window, for already Julio was holding the handkerchief in his hand, and she dreaded lest he should have been watched when he picked it up.

'The poor dear child!' said Julio to himself. 'Does she think it possible to come down to me from that high tower? But I will rescue her or die in the attempt!'

The next day a gipsy made her appearance among the servants of Count Carafi, offering to tell their fortunes. Anything out of the common course of their dull and quiet life in the Castle, was eagerly caught at; and even Montani did not object to having the woman taken to the servant's hall, and delivering her sage oracles. Among these assembled was a little waiting maid, named Alice, who had often accompanied Armada on her excursions in the neighborhood. The child's eyes were red with weeping for her mistress's confinement. The gipsy deferred telling this girl's fortune till the last, on account of her being younger than the others; and the older ones had hastened away to compare notes upon what she had told them, leaving little Alice and the gipsy by themselves. Their conversation was carried on in a low tone. After a few brief words the woman said, 'Now, do not start or show any agitation at what I say. 'You love your mistress, do you not?' Spite of her warning the gipsy trembled all over and was about to speak. 'Hush!' said she; 'you will injure her if you do not obey me. Do you wish to release her from her confinement?'

It was well that Alice's face was turned away from the open door that separated the apartment from that in which the servants were now at work. She eagerly expressed her assent; and the gipsy said, 'Are you admitted to her room?'

'No,' said Alice; 'but please God, I shall see her to-night."

'How?' said the gipsy.

'I dare not tell,' replied Alice.

'No harm shall come to you,' said the gipsy. 'I, too, wish your mistress to be free.' She was kind to me once, and I owe her jailer a grudge.

'Her jailer!' exclaimed Alice.

'Yes, Montani. He is her jailer, not her poor old grandfather. You see, Alice, that I know all. Now tell me, how you will manage to get to her?'

'I am almost afraid to say; but I am dying to see her; and as you seem so friendly, perhaps I may trust you.'

'You may indeed.'

'Well, then, I have concealed the duplicate key of the tower,' said Alice. 'It was dropped by the Count this morning; and I ——oh, what have I been saying?'

'Hush, my child! I, too, will confide in you. Meet me in the wood at noon, and I will tell you who I am; not another word.

'Alice!' shrieked the old housekeeper; 'Alice, come! It has taken twice as long to tell your fortune as it did the rest. Come away to your work!'

Alice was obliged to go, and the gipsy soon disappeared, leaving the servants in amazement that she did not contrive to steal even a chicken, as those of her tribe usually did when they came to the Castle.

Punctually the little maid kept her appointment; but, to her surprise no gipsy was there; but one met her whom she was equally glad to see—the Signor Julio; and to him she related her sorrows, and her fears that the gipsy had deceived her.

'Nay, Alice, the gipsy is true,' said Julio. "I will pledge my life and honor that she is so. Have you got the key?'

'Yes, signor: here it is.'

'Give it me, then, my good girl, and have no fears. Now go, for you may be suspected.'

Alice gathered the herbs which she had promised the housekeeper, and departed. How long were the hours of that weary afternoon to the faithful little maid! But night came at last, and she was summoned to wait on Montani, for he had assumed lordly state. She had been his attendant, though a reluctant one, since Armida's confinement. She has told this to Julio, and he had taken advantage of the circumstance to give her a powder for Montani's wine, which he assured her would do him no further harm than to make him sleep profoundly until morning. At ten o'clock the house was still. Alice stole out of it as Julio had directed her, and waited at a distance; then, as the echos from the old tower died away, Armida, who was holding her nightly watch by the little window, saw Julio's boat draw up close to the castle wall beneath her window; and long before she could plan what to do, or how to communicate with him, the key was noiselessly turned in the lock, and he stood before her. Not a whisper passed between them, as the moon faintly lighted them down the winding stairs, and along the narrow strip of pathway to the river. The boat was still rocking on the water, and then Armida threw off the gipsy hood, in which Julio had enveloped her head, and for the first time saw that Alice, too, was beside her.

Montani slept soundly until his non-appearance set the household wondering. When he awoke it was broad noon, and his first thought was of Armida. He went instantly to the tower and his rage at not finding her cannot be described.

The old Count secretly rejoiced that Armida had escaped. He believed her safe, because Alice too was missing, and he felt assured that the little maiden had possessed herself of his key to free her mistress. He inwardly exulted that Montani could no longer touch him through the sufferings of his grandchild. Now he resolved to do what he ought long before to have done—to confess his crime at the feet of Royalty, and rid himself of the tyrany of Montani.

For a crime committed so long ago the Count was readly pardonded. The dead man had no friends to revive the memory of the crime, or to require the Count's life or liberty to appease vengeance; and Royalty not only accorded a free and full pardon to the aged Count, but also banished his tormentor to a distant shore.

These tidings reached Julio and Armida in their hiding place, and brought them back to the home where Carafi's heart was yearning for his lost child. Enough was left his possesions to make them all happy, although Montani had done his best to rob and despoil. No one but little Alice ever suspected that the gipsy fortune-teller (Julio in disguise) was other than she seemed. Even the old Count always believed that Alice planned the escape of her mistress.

The Count Luani solaced himself with a more willing bride,—one far more suitable to his age, and who brought him immense wealth to compensate for her want of beauty and intelligence.

EATING FRUIT.—The following from a cotemporary is both timely and true: At this season of the year it may not be amiss, by way of advice, to caution our readers against the introduction and too frequent indulgence of unripe fruit in their families This is a time of year when diseases of a bilious and virulent nature are most to be expected, even when the strictest caution is observed; and certainly much more so when the individual thoughtlessly indulges in a foolish appetite for the unripe trash which our market is not unfrequently glutted with. Especially where children are numerous, great attention should be paid by parents or guardians, to prevent their children from gormandizing great quantities of fruit which has not fairly arrived at a state of perfection. These few friendly hints, well meant, if taken into consideration, we are convinced, will be conducive of good results.

Ancient use of Perfumes.

Constantine the Great provided fragant oils to be burned at the altars of the greater churches in Rome; and St. Paulinus, of Nola, a writer of the end of the fourth, and beginning of the fifth century, tells us how, in his time, wax tapers were made for church use, so as to shed fragrance as they burned:

"Lumina ceratis adoluntur odora papyris."

A perfume in common use, even to this day, was the invention of one of the earlies of the Roman nobles, named Frangipani, and still bears his name; it is a powder, or sachet, composed of every known spice, in equal proportions, to which is added ground iris or orris root, in weight equal to the whole, with one per cent. of musk or civet. A liquid of the same name, invented by his grandson Mercuto Frangipani, is also in common use, prepared by digesting the Frangipani powder in rectified spirits, which dissolves out the fragrant principles. This has the merit of being the most lasting perfume made. The perfumes used by the ancients were undoubtedly nothing more than the odoriferous gums which naturally exude from various trees and shrubs indigenious to the Eastern hemisphere. That they were very extensively used, and much valued, we have only to read the Scriptures for proofs: "Who is that cometh . . . perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the powders of the merchant?" (Song of Solomon, iii, 6.) Abstaining from the use of perfume in eastern countries is considered a sign of humiliation: The Lord will take away the tablets, and it shall come to pass, that instead of a sweet smell there shall be a stink."—(Exod. xxxv, 22; Isaiah iii, 20-24.) The word tablets in this passage means perfume boxes, curiously inlaid, made of metal, wood, and ivory. Some of these boxes may have been made in the shape of buildings, which would explain the word "palaces" in Psalm xiv, 8; "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad." From what is said in Matt. ii, 11, it would be considered among the most valuable gifts which man could bestow:—And when they (the wise men) had opened their treasures, they presented unto him (Christ) gifts: gold, frakincense, and myrrh." As far as we are able to learn, all the perfumes used by the Egyptians and Persians during the early part of the world were dry perfumes, consisting of spikenard (*Nardostachys jatamansi*,) myrrh, olibanum, and other gum resins, nearly all of which are still in use by the manufacturers of odors. Among the curiosities shown at Alnwick Castle, is a vase that was taken from an Egyptian catacomb. It is full of a mixture of gum resins, &c,. which evolve a pleasant odor to the present day, although probably three thousand years old. We have no doubt that the original use of this vase and its contents were for perfuming apartments in the same way that *pott pourri* is now used.—*Scientific American.*

MY HAPPIEST MOMENT.—I know when the happiest moment of my life really comes off. Not when I receive my dividends from those very abrupt gentlemen who have, apparently, a natural hatred of their customers, across the bank counter; not when I go to my old wholesale grocery stores in lower Thames street, and smell the tea and taste the sugar, and dip my hand into the piled up rice, and learn from my sons of the yearly increase of the business in which I still keep my sleeping partner's share; not when that fair haired, knickerbockered boy who calls me "grandada," makes cock-horses of my knees, and rides innumerable steeple-chases, clutching at my watch guard for a bridle; nor when his sister, a fairy elf, makes a book-muslin glory on my lap, and kisses me as her "dear dada"—these are triumphs if you like, but there is something too exciting in them, they are not the happiest moments of my life. That blissful period is to me, so far as I can judge, about 10 A. M. I have had my comfortable breakfast; my wife has gone down to see to the domestic arrangements for the day; if it be summer, I stroll on to the corner of my garden: if it be winter, I shut myself into my little snuggery; but summer or winter, I find laid ready for me a box of matches, my old meerschaum bowl ready filled, and—my newspaper. Then follows an hour composed of three thousand six hundred of the happiest moments of my life. I light my pipe, and take up my paper, duly dried and cut, without which enjoyment is to me impossible. I have seen men on the outside of an omnibus attempt to fold a newspaper in a high wind, reading to the bottom of a column, and then suddenly becoming enwrapped, swathed, smothered, in a tossing crackling sheet. Call that reading the newspaper! I like to read a bit, and puff my pipe a bit, and ponder a bit; and my ponderings are not about the machinations of the Emperor Napoleon, not about the probable result of the American war, not about the conference, not about the state of the money market, but about that much-talked-of march of intellect, that progress of progress, that extension of civilization, which have shown their product in my newspaper lying before me.—*All the Year Round.*

Lively Time in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 24.

There was a serious shooting affray on our principal street (Montgomery,) which resulted in the death of four persons. The facts, such as are ascertained, are as follows: It seems one Bill Davis, a noted gambler, who resides at Yreka, was interested in and drove a horse race, which came off at Placerville on the 15th inst., and "throwed" the race, making $4,500 by it. Hank Stevens, Ball, Dutch Abe, and Spanish Bob, four "sports," backed D.'s horse, and got broke; swore vengeance, killing on sight, &c. On the 18th they all came to this city except D., and publicly said they were going to shoot D. on sight, &c. On the 21st D. came in town, and at 2 o'clock P. M., was sitting having his boots polished in a black's adjoining the Fashion, when Ball and Dutch Abe came to the door, and looking in, exclaimed "Here's the dirty thief now!" and drawing their revolvers, commenced shooting. D. jumped out of the chair with one boot polished, and drawing his revolver, fired, and Ball fell dead across an iron grating. D. jumped out on the sidewalk, saying laughingly "You've made a mistake," and fired at Dutch Abe, the ball taking effect in his right breast. He fell, when D. ran and caught the revolver from Ball's hands, saying as he walked towards the door of the Fashion, "where's the rest of you murderers?" Blood was running down D.'s left hand from the arm, and also from the right check. As he was on the point of entering the door, he was met by Stevens and Spanish Bob, when D. raised the revolver in his right hand and fired twice. Stevens fell, and Spanish Bob jumped over him on the sidewalk and fired. D. staggered, but recovering, they (Davis and Spanish Bob) commenced in good earnest, each striving to fire a deadly shot. D. was laughing all the time. They then commenced firing at each other about twenty feet apart. After D. had fired two shots, he threw the revolver at S. B. and changing the revolver he took from Ball into his right hand, he raised it, and snapped three times; the fourth time it went off and S. B. fell. (D. had fell before this, and was laying on his breast on the banquette.) D. threw the revolver into the street, saying "h–ll and furies d–m the thing." He then pulled a "derringer," and both (only having one shot each) began crawling toward each other on their stomachs. When about five feet apart, they raised partly up, and fired simultaneously, when S. B.'s head fell and he remained perfectly still. D. then said, crawling towards S. B., "He's gone; I cooked him!" and then partly turned on his side and tried to rise.

On examination Ball and Spanish Bob were dead, Dutch Abe and Stevens mortally wounded, the first having been shot through the right lung, causing internal hemorrhage, &c. The latter was shot through the left breast.

S. B. had four wounds on him—two in right breast, one in right arm, and one between the eyes. Ball had a ball in the heart. Davis has six wounds; two in the right leg, one in right breast, one in left shoulder, one through left wrist, and one on right check, where a bullet had struck the cheek bone and glanced off, cutting out a piece of flesh of the size of a ten cent piece.

Stevens died on the 14th, at 10:40 A. M. Dutch Abe died yesterday morning. Doctors say Davis will certainly recover.

Davis is able to converse, but should he recover, he will have to take his trial on four charges for murder. The Grand Jury have found four charges against him. He will get clear as they fired first. Every one says he is the gamest man they ever saw. He is a native of Mobile, Ala.

THE COLOSSAL BIRD OF MADAGASCAR.—In the year 1850 a French ship-captain named Abadio, being on the south-east coast of Madagascar, observed in the hands of a native the shell of a gigantic egg which had been perforated at one of its extremeties and employed for domestic purposes. M. Abadio being attracted by the unusual dimensions of the egg, set to work to procure specimens of it, and ultimately succeeded in obtaining from the natives, besides the specimen first seen, two others—one of them found in the debris of a recent land slip, the other was dinterred from a recent alluvial formation, together with some bones of apparently no less gigantic size. Upon these objects, which were shortly afterward forwarded to Paris, the late Professor Isidore Geoffroi St. Hilaire founded a new genus and species of extinct struthous birds, allied to Dinornis, for which he proposed the name, *Æpyornis Maximus*. The most striking character of the egg of *Æpyornis* is their enormous size. The largest of the two received at Paris measured lengthwise no less than two feet ten inches, and breadthwise two feet four inches in circumference. Its extreme length in a straight line was twelve inches. Professor Geoffroi St. Hilaire estimated that it would contain 10 1-8 quarts, or nearly as much as six ostrich egg. A large ostrich eggs, we may mention, is only about 6 1-4 inches in length, being little more than half that of the *Æpyornis*.

NEW ENGLAND'S AGRICULTURE.—The Springfield *Republican* says, in speaking of the New England Fair to come off in that city: The territory occupied by the six New England States, covers an area of about 65,000 square miles, and had a population in 1860 of 3,135,283. Of it 20,000,000 acres are improved. It has 256,172 horses, 646,962 cows, 268,181 oxen, 580,101 other cattle, 1,749,560 sheep and 322,157 swine. It raises about 5,000,000 lbs of wool, and manufactures 47,000,000 pounds of butter, and 21,000,000 lbs of cheese per annum. The value of its farms is estimated at $473,000,000, its implements of husbandry $16,000,000, and its live stock $68,000,000, or a total of $557,000,000. The wealth and power of New England Agriculture is greater than that of any other interest. A selection of the choicest animals and products of New England, would make an exhibition worthy of any country or clime. The eyes of the world are upon her, and those who take prizes at her first exhibition are working for immortality."

A RAT STORY.—A neighbor, whose statements are entitled to implicit confidence, relates a story of the cunning and intelligence of a rat, which is truly remarkable. Being plagued with the depredations of the rodent mammels he made verious attempts to secure the representatives of this small race of quadrupeds. The trap used was a wire one, and so constructed that, on a rat entering and nibbling at the bait, the trap would spring and cage the intruder. Our neighbor, when he went to examine his trap, always found it sprung, but no rat, and, what was the strangest of all, the bait gone. So he resolved to watch the trap. His patience was presently rewarded by beholding half a dozen rats making their appearance and at their head one who appeared to be a leader. This rat advanced slowly and cautiously towards the trap, and when the others would make a move as if intending to rush at the bait, the old fellow would wag his tail and they would fall behind him. After viewing the trap closely, the old fellow approached the back part of it, and getting on it, shook the raised part until the trap sprung, and then put a paw through one of the openings between the wires, and taking the bait, he made good his retreat with his booty.—*Norfolk Old Dominion.*

THE OLD RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM PENN.—The old house at the southeast corner of Second street and Norris Alley, below Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has recently been purchased by a progressive citizen. It will shortly be torn down to make room for buildings more in accordance with the present age. The old house derives its chief interest as the only residence of William Penn. The house was built for Samuel Carpenter. It was occupied as the city residence of William Penn and his family, while in Philadelphia, on his second visit in 1700, and in this house was born his son, John Penn, the "American," the only one of the race ever born in this country. The house is now about one hundred and seventy-five years old, and is the last relic of the Penn family.

☞ There is no use in distributing tracts among the untractable.